

SAW GHOSTLY VISITANTS.

Harrowing Tales of Apparitions Told by "Evening World" Readers.

Spectres and Uneasy Spooks that Decline to Be Laid.

Conditions:
A golden double eagle will be given to the person who sends in the best ghost story to THE EVENING WORLD. Personal experience should form the foundation of the story. Then should be added a copy to the Editor, should be written on one side of the paper, and should in no case contain over 200 words. The name and address of the writer is required, but will not be published if a request to that effect accompanies the letter.

A Spirit Above Proof.

Two years ago I was visiting my Uncle Hiram, who lived in a New England village. I had been out for a day's gunning and, having lost my way, it was near midnight before I reached the path which led across the field to my uncle's house. The way led through the village graveyard, where in one corner stood a small inclosed shed. As I drew near the latter I was startled by a sound which seemed to come from the direction of the structure something white and slender appeared at one end and then vanished.

Taking to my heels I soon reached my destination. I looked up at awaiting me, and, hearing my story, pointed to the shed and said: "That is where the spirit lives. As you draw near the shed it will appear, and, being afraid, it will throw it open."

Behold, what a sight met our gaze. There, with outstretched arms and open mouth, lay a drunken tramp sleeping. We walked on, and, as we passed the shed, afterwards that the apparition I had seen was a white face blown away to and fro by the night wind.

His Midnight Visitor.

One evening in the country about three years ago I was sitting on the veranda of the hotel listening to a party of friends telling ghost stories and wondering at the same time if I would ever see a ghost. That same night I awoke suddenly about 12 o'clock, perceiving the latch of my room door going. I looked up and saw a figure in white, which I supposed to be a ghost.

For a moment I was still for fright, as it made of stone, for I never saw such a thing before. When I recovered my senses I looked up and saw a figure in white, which I supposed to be a ghost.

Second Sight of "a Copper."

Next door to the school I go to is a candy store. It is owned but not kept by a Spiritist lady, in whose parlour I have been always at night see plenty of ghosts of cats. Now, every day nearly I buy cigarettes of the lady, and a policeman is there when school is out.

Picked Up a Ghostly Dog.

In the year 1888, while visiting my sister in the country, an incident happened to me which I shall remember all my life. While coming home from the woods, where I was picking wild strawberries, I had to pass a cemetery. It was late in the evening. My sister's pet white dog lying by a tombstone. Thinking it to be asleep, I picked it up and went my way, saying, "What a nice dog!"

Black Crook Inspired Ghosts.

One morning, when the sun was shining brightly, I came downstairs my mother said to me, "Charlie, I expect your uncle here to-day, and I am going to ask him to take you to the city." My uncle came, and I arrived in the city the same afternoon. My uncle showed me to my room, and then we went down to supper. After supper my uncle took me to the theatre, we went to see "Black Crook." When I saw the skeletons and ghosts got frightened.

Saw a Spook in a Night Shirt.

Wishing to go to sea, I was allowed a trial voyage on board an Atlantic liner, through the kindness of her captain. One night, troubled with sleeplessness, I rose, lit my pipe, and mounted to the top of the scullery. I hadn't been there many minutes when I was startled by hearing stifled sobs and a commotion among the watch on deck. I went down to see what was the matter, and, not wishing to be discovered awake when sailor traditions expected me to be fast asleep, I turned on my heel and went back.

When our watch was called, some of the watch on deck tumbled below, as usual, to

A Tale of Torture.

One night at 11.30 o'clock I was awakened by a noise, and saw a man whom I knew holding up a cane, and then disappearing. Next morning I heard that this man fell, broke his back, and died at that very hour the night before.

It Took a Ghostly Form.

April 9, 1869, business called me to Erie, Pa., where I stopped at the — House. Some friends spent the evening at my room, and I did not retire until 11 o'clock, soon falling asleep.

I awoke suddenly an hour later, and looking out from my room I beheld an apparition in the shape of a woman in white.

Scared, but Unhurt.

Last Christmas, my friend Lucian, invited me to visit him in Portland, Me. A house there reputed to be haunted, he had purchased at a great bargain. Arriving there, after a hearty supper and smoke, we repaired to bed, in adjoining rooms. Both of us were plentifully supplied with morphine.

Next came early, but suddenly I awoke; sitting up, I felt as if I were being smothered by a ghostly figure.

DEAR — You're a coward, I was taking a share and out myself, on saw my reflection in the mirror.

Spirits and Ardent Spirits.

In the Spring of 1838 my father and mother moved in a house in Woodstock, N. Y., which was owned and occupied formerly by a wealthy gentleman, who kept a distillery. He was a man of great wealth, and a number of men, who boarded with the family and slept in the attic.

Drove Her from Her Home.

Two or three years ago I had a terrible experience with ghosts in a frame house in South Third street, Williamsburg. Every night about dusk the rattlings, rattlings and whistlings would come from the room in that house were so numerous that you could not move without contact with an unseen, intangible force.

Black Crook Inspired Ghosts.

One morning, when the sun was shining brightly, I came downstairs my mother said to me, "Charlie, I expect your uncle here to-day, and I am going to ask him to take you to the city." My uncle came, and I arrived in the city the same afternoon. My uncle showed me to my room, and then we went down to supper. After supper my uncle took me to the theatre, we went to see "Black Crook." When I saw the skeletons and ghosts got frightened.

Saw a Spook in a Night Shirt.

Wishing to go to sea, I was allowed a trial voyage on board an Atlantic liner, through the kindness of her captain. One night, troubled with sleeplessness, I rose, lit my pipe, and mounted to the top of the scullery. I hadn't been there many minutes when I was startled by hearing stifled sobs and a commotion among the watch on deck. I went down to see what was the matter, and, not wishing to be discovered awake when sailor traditions expected me to be fast asleep, I turned on my heel and went back.

When our watch was called, some of the watch on deck tumbled below, as usual, to

HEARD OVER FOOTLIGHTS.

Interesting Rumors from the Stage and the Rialto.

After-Holiday Changes Scheduled by Theatrical People.

Miss Florence St. John, who appeared last night for the first time as Marguerite in "Faust Up to Date," with the London Gaiety company, at the Broadway Theatre, was an agreeable surprise, inasmuch as it was discovered that she could positively sing. She has a clear, mellow voice, usually correct, and she sings without effort. Miss St. John (pronounced Shijun) is a very comely young woman, on the verge of an autumnal maturity, for she is by no means there as yet.

She has dark, laughing eyes, teeth that are flawless, and a rather chic manner. She showed that there was something more in the part of Marguerite than Miss Grace Pedley's performance revealed.

Still, there was not enough in the part for Miss St. John. She was a good deal too good for such rubbish. She was cordially but not too warmly received at first. There was a claque in the house, but it did not make such a bad thing of it. She was a good deal too good for such rubbish. She was cordially but not too warmly received at first. There was a claque in the house, but it did not make such a bad thing of it.

Old Mrs. Elder, wife of John Elder and mother of Effie, lives in this city, at the Ashland House. She is a strict Episcopalian and has a mission class at Trinity Church.

Miss Sylvia Gerrieh's successor at the Casino, will, it is said, be Miss Florence Bell, of "A Brass Monkey" company.

Miss Gerrieh announced some time ago that she had accepted a position at a rich relative's.

The members of the Gaiety company will be in the city for some time.

Robert Fraser, returned from the West, was in the city yesterday.

Miss Clara Morris will again be managed by Mr. Frank L. Goodwin, beginning Jan. 6, in Boston.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Askin, who has been plotting the country, was in the city yesterday.

GOT RICH BY SWAPPING.

Good Results of "The Evening World's" Exchange Column.

A Young Man Who Possessed Remarkable Yankee Shrewdness.

There are probably very few of the readers of THE EVENING WORLD who would suspect that the "Exchange Column," which is printed every day among the advertising notices, is a regular high road to fortune.

As everybody knows, there are lots of chances given and taken in swapping, and the person who has the keenest instinct as a bargainer is always sure to get the best of the trade.

The result is that if such a person, who is possessed of a sufficient degree of Yankee shrewdness in properly sizing up a trade

two strings to his fiddle instead of one. He worked the top-carriage for heavy game and played the son as a decoy and laid his plan to extend his operations at the first opportunity.

The top-carriage was comparatively in good demand, and a single advertisement brought him in several inquiries.

There were two or three offers of fine building lots in Paradise Park, N. J., and other attractive suburban resorts, which he declined at first almost beyond his fondest hopes.

After he had visited several of the localities, however, he decided to hold on to the top-carriage.

Meanwhile the son had been disposed of for a Stradivarius violin and an old gold watch, which, by each stage, had been converted into a first mortgage on an orange plantation in Florida.

With his mortgage and a top-carriage it was time, the young man thought, to make a bold stroke for fortune, and he proceeded to do so.

He had noticed several times that one of THE EVENING WORLD's Exchange Column subscribers had offered valuable farm lands in Dakota. He was evidently a hard man to get into the trade, for he never seemed to get rid of his farm in the exchange.

The young man boldly opened negotiations with the Western land agent, and to-day he is the owner of one of the finest tracts of grazing land in the wild and wooded West.

If a man can do better than that in Wall Street and a money market he is to be congratulated.

BLIND CHAPLAIN MILBURN.

The Genial Ecclesiastic Who Prays for the Congressmen.

The social veins and arteries of our beautiful city are filling fast, says a Chicago News Washington letter, its current of life is quickening to a rush, and the national heart that began its functions on Monday at the capital already beats so stormily that an agitated session is counted upon.

This will mean but little, however, if the members adjust all their difficulties as happily as they did the first—the filling of the chaplain's chair—for even the men who had pet candidates of their own are glad of the invalidation of the famous "blind chaplain" whose noble head and fearless heart have for so many years been known and loved by the law-makers, and whose prayers have at times produced such startling sensations in the House.

Dr. Milburn is of medium height, somewhat round in figure, with a fine open forehead, eyes close-set to opaqueness, a good lighting nose, a pleasant mouth and well-defined chin, and is entirely unpretentious in his bearing.

A neatly trimmed beard and mustache, and a voice so harmonious and pleasant, an interest and sympathy so ready and unfeigned, a cheerfulness so genuine, and a tact so perfect, that every body who comes into his friendship and every gathering to which he adds his welcome presence is made to feel that he is a minister.

Some of his friends call him their clerical tonic, and really it is a good name for him. He counts his intimates among all creeds and denominations, and is a warm encourager of every innocent amusement that youth craves; as a consequence of these last he moves about in a cloud of young people, and it is interesting to see by what nice tact and judgment he has won his way to the very hearts of a host of young men, and holds them in a complete thrall.

His own life is a study in itself, and he forgets to go into less good company.

"Hang it all," one of them said with a puzzled frown between his eyebrows, "if he weren't so good-looking, I would never remember he is a minister. He looks like a young man, and he is."

Some of his friends call him their clerical tonic, and really it is a good name for him. He counts his intimates among all creeds and denominations, and is a warm encourager of every innocent amusement that youth craves; as a consequence of these last he moves about in a cloud of young people, and it is interesting to see by what nice tact and judgment he has won his way to the very hearts of a host of young men, and holds them in a complete thrall.

His own life is a study in itself, and he forgets to go into less good company.

"Hang it all," one of them said with a puzzled frown between his eyebrows, "if he weren't so good-looking, I would never remember he is a minister. He looks like a young man, and he is."

Some of his friends call him their clerical tonic, and really it is a good name for him. He counts his intimates among all creeds and denominations, and is a warm encourager of every innocent amusement that youth craves; as a consequence of these last he moves about in a cloud of young people, and it is interesting to see by what nice tact and judgment he has won his way to the very hearts of a host of young men, and holds them in a complete thrall.

His own life is a study in itself, and he forgets to go into less good company.

"Hang it all," one of them said with a puzzled frown between his eyebrows, "if he weren't so good-looking, I would never remember he is a minister. He looks like a young man, and he is."

Some of his friends call him their clerical tonic, and really it is a good name for him. He counts his intimates among all creeds and denominations, and is a warm encourager of every innocent amusement that youth craves; as a consequence of these last he moves about in a cloud of young people, and it is interesting to see by what nice tact and judgment he has won his way to the very hearts of a host of young men, and holds them in a complete thrall.

His own life is a study in itself, and he forgets to go into less good company.

"Hang it all," one of them said with a puzzled frown between his eyebrows, "if he weren't so good-looking, I would never remember he is a minister. He looks like a young man, and he is."

Some of his friends call him their clerical tonic, and really it is a good name for him. He counts his intimates among all creeds and denominations, and is a warm encourager of every innocent amusement that youth craves; as a consequence of these last he moves about in a cloud of young people, and it is interesting to see by what nice tact and judgment he has won his way to the very hearts of a host of young men, and holds them in a complete thrall.

His own life is a study in itself, and he forgets to go into less good company.

"Hang it all," one of them said with a puzzled frown between his eyebrows, "if he weren't so good-looking, I would never remember he is a minister. He looks like a young man, and he is."

Some of his friends call him their clerical tonic, and really it is a good name for him. He counts his intimates among all creeds and denominations, and is a warm encourager of every innocent amusement that youth craves; as a consequence of these last he moves about in a cloud of young people, and it is interesting to see by what nice tact and judgment he has won his way to the very hearts of a host of young men, and holds them in a complete thrall.

His own life is a study in itself, and he forgets to go into less good company.

"Hang it all," one of them said with a puzzled frown between his eyebrows, "if he weren't so good-looking, I would never remember he is a minister. He looks like a young man, and he is."

Some of his friends call him their clerical tonic, and really it is a good name for him. He counts his intimates among all creeds and denominations, and is a warm encourager of every innocent amusement that youth craves; as a consequence of these last he moves about in a cloud of young people, and it is interesting to see by what nice tact and judgment he has won his way to the very hearts of a host of young men, and holds them in a complete thrall.

His own life is a study in itself, and he forgets to go into less good company.

"Hang it all," one of them said with a puzzled frown between his eyebrows, "if he weren't so good-looking, I would never remember he is a minister. He looks like a young man, and he is."

Some of his friends call him their clerical tonic, and really it is a good name for him. He counts his intimates among all creeds and denominations, and is a warm encourager of every innocent amusement that youth craves; as a consequence of these last he moves about in a cloud of young people, and it is interesting to see by what nice tact and judgment he has won his way to the very hearts of a host of young men, and holds them in a complete thrall.

His own life is a study in itself, and he forgets to go into less good company.

"Hang it all," one of them said with a puzzled frown between his eyebrows, "if he weren't so good-looking, I would never remember he is a minister. He looks like a young man, and he is."

Some of his friends call him their clerical tonic, and really it is a good name for him. He counts his intimates among all creeds and denominations, and is a warm encourager of every innocent amusement that youth craves; as a consequence of these last he moves about in a cloud of young people, and it is interesting to see by what nice tact and judgment he has won his way to the very hearts of a host of young men, and holds them in a complete thrall.

His own life is a study in itself, and he forgets to go into less good company.

"Hang it all," one of them said with a puzzled frown between his eyebrows, "if he weren't so good-looking, I would never remember he is a minister. He looks like a young man, and he is."

Some of his friends call him their clerical tonic, and really it is a good name for him.